



Of monsters and Mike by OrangeLovePerson

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Summary: Little drabbles about our "Dungeons and Dragons"-heros and favourite Eggo-maniac :)

1. Cliffhanger

AUTHOR'S NOTE: These are drabbles, which means that they're all really small stories, mostly between 100 and 300 words. If drabbles generally aren't your cup of tea, don't read them. I appreciate helpful criticism as well as nice reviews. ^^

& I don't own "Stranger Things", the amazing, talented, brilliant Duffer brothers do. :)

Cliffhanger

Two minutes ago, he had been falling down a cliff. He'd literally felt the air crushing around his face, he'd seen the surface of the water come closer and closer and... Then, she'd pulled him up again. All the way back up to where they were now, on the ground, hugging. Dustin had put his warm arms around the two of them, as well. It was nice, as if everything would be alright again, soon. And it would be. Because Eleven was the most incredible, brave, amazing girl that he'd ever met. And also, she had super-powers.

2. Safety chance

Safety chance

She didn't know how to tell them. How to tell *him*.

Words were so difficult. Forming sentences was. No one really ever *wanted* to hear her talk that much before. She didn't hear the bad men or even Papa talk that much, as well. Most of her days she'd spent in solitude and isolation.

But she needed to tell Mike. What they were trying to do wasn't save! She needed them to be save.

So she didn't use words, but used their compasses, instead. It was so much easier, that way. She was a liar now. And a bad friend to her only friends in the world. She was betraying Mike, wasn't she? But at least, they were safe that way. So she kept lying.

3. Weird

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

This is Lucas' PoV just before the big fight. I still don't own "Stranger Things", btw. :)

Weird

Lucas was annoyed. No, not just annoyed. In fact, he was outright *pissed*.

He and Mike had been friends all their lives, it felt, but as soon as this weirdo came around, it suddenly didn't seem to matter anymore. No, now all that mattered was *her*. That weird looking weirdo girl with her weird, boring super-powers and her weird looks and her weird silence. So what if she could close doors with her mind? At least when he himself closed doors, he didn't start bleeding immediately! Did closing doors really count as having super-powers, at all?

Lucas sighed. Well, all right, that weird making-douchebags-wet-themselves-thing had been kind of cool. But that didn't outweigh the fact that Will was still gone, and that the weirdo wasn't helping them very much at finding him. And maybe, she wasn't even really trying to help them. Maybe, she wasn't just a weirdo, but a traitor, as well, Lucas pondered...

4. Trust in Dustin

Trust in Dustin

And again it was up to Dustin to solve everything. Why did he always have to be the voice of reason for his friends?

Normally, he didn't really mind, though. He didn't mind to be the one who reminded them that a dangerous search for Will couldn't be done without the necessary supplies, like sweets and "Pringles". Or, that searching for him without any weapons at night wasn't really that clever. Or, that compasses didn't need batteries (duh!).

But this was a little more complicated. Dustin really didn't want to be the one to settle a dispute like the one between Lucas and Mike. Gosh, why couldn't they be honest to each other for once? It was obvious that Mike was kind of obsessed with El, and that Lucas hated it. All three of them had behaved like the biggest douchebags, Dustin thought, annoyed. Now, Lucas was angry, Mike was angry, Eleven was gone and Will was still lost. And Dustin? Dustin was, *as always*, left to convince his friends to apologise to each other for their stupidity.

How fun.

5. On death and dying

On death and dying

Something was odd about this girl, Mr. Clark thought. About Mike's cousin Eleonore, from Sweden. She seemed so shy and distressed! As if she was scared of even talking at all. Perhaps, she had some problems at home? Was that the reason why she was here?

The boys were behaving odd lately, too. (And not only, because spending time with any girl was rather peculiar for them.)

Sure, they needed time to process everything that had happened, but still, they were up to something, Mr. Clark suspected.

Perhaps, they didn't believe in Will's death yet. Perhaps, as smart as these boys were, they still needed some time to fully understand everything, and were trying to deny it, until then. Mr. Clark sighed. Were they conspiring some kind of plan, to save their friend Will? Was that, what all of this was about?

At one point, they would have to accept the horrible truth. Will was gone, and nothing, not even a great, scientific plan could change that. Well, Mr. Clark pondered, at least they had found a new friend, who could help them through that dark moment of realisation. Even, if she didn't talk that much.

These boys deserved all the friendship in the world.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

In case you were wondering, the title is a reference to Elisabeth Kübler-Ross' famous theory on "the five stages of grief". Look it up, it's really interesting ^^

6. Pondering on a compliment

Pondering on a compliment

He had said she was pretty. Well, kind of. Actually, he'd said "*pretty... good.*"

"You look pretty good."

Pretty. Good.

Pretty good, pretty good.

She couldn't help but repeat his words in her head, all the way to town, on their bite-sickles.

(Was that what they were called? Well, it didn't really matter, El decided. She liked them no matter what they were called. On bite-sickles, you could feel the wind on your face and put your arms around Mike. Bite-sickles were great.)

Somehow, the moment he said it, it had become true. She *was* pretty. Maybe just because of the dress and the wig. But maybe, that wasn't all of it, El believed. At least, that was, what a small part of her hoped for. It sounded exactly like Mike's voice.

"You look pretty good."

He turned his head a little towards her on the bite-sickle. "Everything okay, El?", he asked.

She nodded, and smiled lightly.

In that moment, everything seemed pretty...wonderful.

7. Countdown

Countdown

They'd met her in a dark, stormy night in November. At first glance, he hadn't even been sure whether she was a girl or not. He'd never seen a girl with a shaved head so far! Something definitely was odd about her, he'd realised then, and was concerned about their plan to find Will.

She'd stood there in that wet T-shirt, all alone in the cold rain, and for some reason, he'd been a little annoyed with her already back then. He really wanted to find Will, and to set an ending to all the drama and chaos, and then *she* came along and dashed all of their plans for that night. And Mike let that awkward girl sleep in his basement! That day, and some of the days afterwards, he just wanted that crazy estray gone.

And now she was.

Everyone was shouting the countdown into the clear December night. New year's eve had arrived.

"FIFTEEN! FOURTEEN! THIRTEEN!...", Will was laughing next to him. He seemed so happy to be here again, and his family only had eyes for their little regained treasure, still. Lucas couldn't help but grin at his friend, too.

"...TWELVE! *ELEVEN!*.."

And there she was again. The carefree grin left his face, and he quickly looked to Mike. He wasn't the only one, though. Joyce looked guilty and on the brink of tears for a moment, until she started counting backwards again to pretend nothing had happened. Dustin and Will were sharing concerned looks. Mike just avoided everyone's gaze.

Yes, she was gone now, and as the new year arrived, Lucas decided to never take a friendship for granted ever again.

8. Always

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

This one's about the Byers boys, I think their relationship is adorable. :) I'm trying to put a little more direct speech into these things, tell me what you think. ^^ (And thanks to candy95 for her nice support *^)
) ~ J

Always

„What are you doing, Will?", he asked, leaning against the door frame.

His little brother looked up from his drawings and smiled. "Not much. You?"

Jonathan sat next to him on the bed. "I'm trying to decide whether to buy that "Ramones" record, you know? I'm not sure, I probably should save money for a new camera... But on the other hand, that guy, Jimmy, from the store, said that the "Ramones" are really starting to develop, you see? What do you think?"

Will shrugged, uncertain, but Jonathan could feel that something was odd.

"I don't know, Jonathan, perhaps you don't need to save money for that camera at all..."

"What do you mean?", he asked, bewildered.

Will hesitated, a little uncomfortably. "Well, perhaps, Mum will buy you a new one for Christmas? I know, we're short of money since the renovation, but don't you think she might have bought one, anyway?"

Jonathan scratched his neck, uncertainly. "I hope she didn't. We really should save money for a while..."

Will nodded, and looked down to his drawings again. His big brother

did, too.

"Is that a dinosaur?"

"Yup, a Ceratopsia, cool, right?"

Jonathan laughed. "No magicians or fireballs today?"

"No, I felt like doing something else this time.", Will explained.

"I see.", Jonathan chuckled. Then he had an idea.

"Hey, how about we drive to the natural history museum together, to get you some inspiration?"

Will beamed. "Do you have time for that?"

"Sure, let's go!", Jonathan smiled, and tousled Will's hair.

Of course, he had time for that, Jonathan thought, while Will put on his trainers. He'd always have time for his brother now. Always. He'd make sure of that.

9. Mirac-El

Mirac-El

For the first few days, it was hard to comprehend. He couldn't wrap his mind around the fact that she was gone. Perhaps dead. She was, wasn't she?

No. No, she wasn't.

Will hadn't been dead, either! He himself hadn't been dead after jumping down that cliff! He'd been supposed to die, but she hadn't let it happen, because she was *amazing*. So amazing, that she could make villains bleed and break down or pee themselves. So amazing, that her smile could cause goose bumps and that the laws of physics weren't valid for her.

She just couldn't be dead.

But he also couldn't shake the fear that she was, anyway. And he had no way to find out.

Perhaps, there was just a restricted amount of miracles in the world. Perhaps, there had already been "enough" miracles in Mike's life, and the universe simply couldn't spend any more miracles on them and their boring little town. Or perhaps, El was just too much of a miracle herself, to stay in this dimension. Perhaps her mere existence was too amazing to be a part of it.

So, as mysteriously as she had appeared, she'd vanished again, and all that Mike could do now, it seemed, was to hope, that it would happen again. That she'd wander around Mirkwood, perhaps, someday, somehow, and that he'd cross her way again.

Maybe, when he was the least expecting it. That's how miracle's work, don't they?